

WINTER 1998

RESIDENT EVIL™ #4

- 3 ACTION-PACKED STORIES!
- READER ART AND LETTERS!

\$4.95 U.S. / \$7.50 CANADA

ISBN 1-58240-045-8

DIRECT SALES



7 09853 04058 3

00411

RESIDENT EVIL™

The Official Comic Book Magazine #4 - Winter 1998

In this issue:

- "Night Stalkers" – In the sleepy, southwestern town of Saguaro Wells, terror seems as remote as the ocean. When zombie bats begin to terrorize the populace, Leon Kennedy is called in. But is he truly prepared for the horror in the desert?

Story by Kris Oprisko
Art by Rafael Kayanan

- "Special Delivery" – Umbrella delivers mind-numbing horror to its enemies with stunning efficiency. One by one, the evil corporation's monstrous creations are dropped into some very unsuspecting laps from the unfriendly skies above!

Story by Marc Mostman
Art by Ryan Odagawa

- "Zombies Abroad" – The S.T.A.R.S. team tries a crash landing in Europe. But what horror will be waiting for them when — and if — they land? The continuation of last issue's "Dead Air" story!

Story by Ted Adams
Art by Norman Felchle

- The Resident Evil Files – Character profiles of Jill Valentine and our friend, the zombie.
- Epitaphs – Reader art and letters!

Credits:

Based on characters and situations from the Capcom video games Resident Evil and Resident Evil 2.

For Capcom Entertainment:
New Business Development
Specialist – Don Friedman

For Capcom Co., Ltd.:
General Manager, Character
& Rights Department –
Kenichi Tanaka

For Entertainment Licensing
Associates:
President – Dan Kletzky
Director of Licensing &
Business Affairs –
Marc Mostman

For Image Comics:
Executive Director –
Larry Marder

For WildStorm Productions:
Editorial Director – Jim Lee
Vice President/General
Manager – John Nee
Manager, WildStorm Special
Projects – Kris Oprisko

Cover illustration by
Carlos D'Anda & Mark Irwin

RESIDENT EVIL #4. December 1998. First Printing. Image Comics, Inc. Office of Publication: 1440 N. Harbor Blvd., Suite 305, Fullerton, California, 92835. \$4.95 U.S./\$7.50 CANADA. CAPCOM is a registered trademark of CAPCOM CO., LTD. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. Artwork is © 1998 WildStorm Productions, an imprint of DC Comics. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. PRINTED IN CANADA.

IN THE SMALL TOWN OF SAGUARO WELLS, THE PACE OF LIFE IS SLOW.

NEIGHBORS KNOW EACH OTHER'S BUSINESS, AND BAD NEWS TRAVELS FAST.

...AND TIMMY JOHNSON'S BEEN MISSIN' SINCE TUESDAY.

I HEARD THAT RUBY SUAREZ AND HER BOYFRIEND ARE MISSIN' NOW, TOO. SOMETHIN' CRAZY'S GOIN' ON HERE.

THEM DAMN GANGS FROM THE CITY ARE COMIN', I TELL YA!

IF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON THE CREEPS, THEY'RE--

WHAT IN THE HELL!?!?

SKREEEE

SKREEEE

SKREEEE

SKREEEE

JIM LEE AND WILDSTORM PRODUCTIONS PRESENT
A RESIDENT EVIL STORY
NIGHT STALKERS

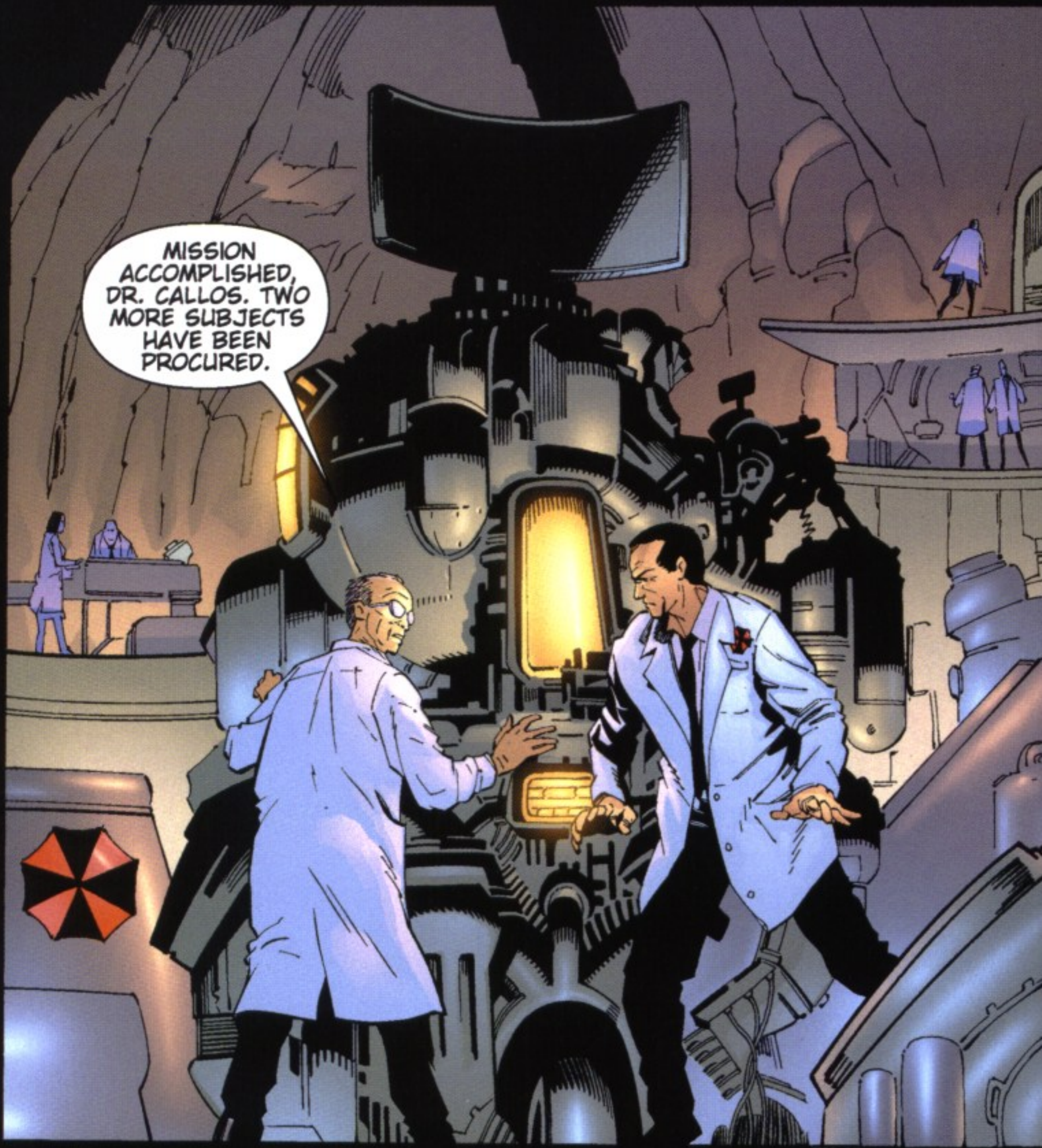
KRIS OPRISKO
STORY

RAFAEL KAYANAN
PENCILS

MARK PENNINGTON,
MARK IRWIN,
& JASON MINOR
INKS

ROB ROBBINS
LETTERS

WILDSTORM FX
COLORS



MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, DR. CALLOS. TWO MORE SUBJECTS HAVE BEEN PROCURED.



EXCELLENT, VEDLEY. CALL THE CREATURES HOME.



LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL HAVE SOME MORE COMPANY, FOLKS. A FEW MORE OF YOU AND WE CAN BEGIN THE TRANSMUTATION PROCESS.



THANKS TO UMBRELLA, THOSE FOOLS WHO DENIED ME FUNDING FOR MY DREAM WILL SOON BE DROWNING IN THEIR OWN BLOOD.

SAGUARO WELLS
SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

CALM
DOWN,
BOYS.

NO!
WE WANT
ACTION.

I SAY WE FORM
A POSSE AND SCOUR
THE HILLS. SAGUARO
WELLS DONE LOST
EIGHT GOOD PEOPLE
ALREADY.

NO, DAMN IT!
WE'LL DO THIS THE
PROPER WAY. I'LL
HAVE NO FRONTIER
JUSTICE PRACTICED IN
MY JURISDICTION.

I KNOW
EVERYONE'S UPSET,
AND RIGHTLY SO. I
JUST NEED MORE TIME
TO GET TO THE
BOTTOM OF THIS. GO
ON BACK HOME
NOW.

ALL THE
DISAPPEARANCES
HAVE TAKEN PLACE
AT NIGHT, SO STAY IN
YOUR HOMES COME
NIGHTFALL.

THAT VERY EVENING, A STRAY CALF KEEPS YOUNG WAYNE CAREY OUT IN THE DESERT LONGER THAN HE HAD ANTICIPATED.

HURRY UP, GIRL. WE'VE GOTTA GET BACK TO TOWN BEFORE IT GETS MUCH DARKER.

LOOKS LIKE WE MADE IT! WITH ALL THOSE RUMORS FLOATING AROUND, I DIDN'T WANT TO--

Noooo

JUST--
JUST STAY BACK.

NOT GRACIE!

SHRRKK

MROOOO





WHERE IS WAYNE? HE SHOULD'VE BEEN BACK AN HOUR AGO.



WAYNE!

WE SAVED YOUR SON, SHERIFF, BUT JUST BARELY. SOME SORT OF GIANT BAT-MONSTERS WERE ATTACKING HIM.



IS HE...?

HE SHOULD BE FINE. LOOKS LIKE HE'LL JUST NEED A COUPLA STITCHES TO CLOSE THAT WOUND.



OH THANK GOD. GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL-- NOW!

Officer's Log. Leon S. Kennedy.
Currently en route to Saguaro
Wells, Nevada, population 472.



Strange disappearances have been taking place
around town over the last two weeks, culminating
in an attack on the Sheriff's son a few days
ago. The assailants have been described as bat-
like creatures of human proportions.



The victim was taken to the
local hospital and treated for
a neck wound and loss of blood.



The next night, the victim's
vital signs became very peculiar,
and his skin began to rot.



By morning, he'd become a full-
fledged zombie. Heroic efforts
were needed to subdue the victim.



When I saw these reports come over the wire, I knew right away Umbrella had to be involved. I arranged for backup and hit the road.

After what happened in Raccoon City, I vowed to do whatever it takes to stop Umbrella, wherever they appear.

**UMBRELLA
LABORATORY.**

BUT DR. CALLOS--

I DON'T WANT EXCUSES! I WILL NOT ACCEPT ANOTHER BOTCHED MISSION!

WE NEED ONLY ONE MORE SUBJECT TO BEGIN THE NEXT STAGE OF TRANSMUTATIONS. THE COMMON BATS ARE NOT AGGRESSIVE ENOUGH, BUT IF WE CAN SUCCESSFULLY FUSE THE HUMANS WITH VAMPIRE BATS, THERE IS NOTHING THAT CAN STOP US!

I WANT A FULL INCURSION TEAM OUT AT DUSK. IF THEY FAIL THIS TIME, THEY'LL HAVE YOU FOR LUNCH!

NIGHTFALL,
SAGUARO
DESERT.

EVERYONE IN
TOWN'S BEEN STAYING
IN THEIR HOMES WHILE
IT'S DARK, SO I'M
BETTING I WON'T HAVE
TO WAIT LONG FOR
THEM TO SHOW UP.

THEY NEVER
TOLD ME IN THE
ACADEMY THAT I'D
END UP AS LIVE
BAIT!

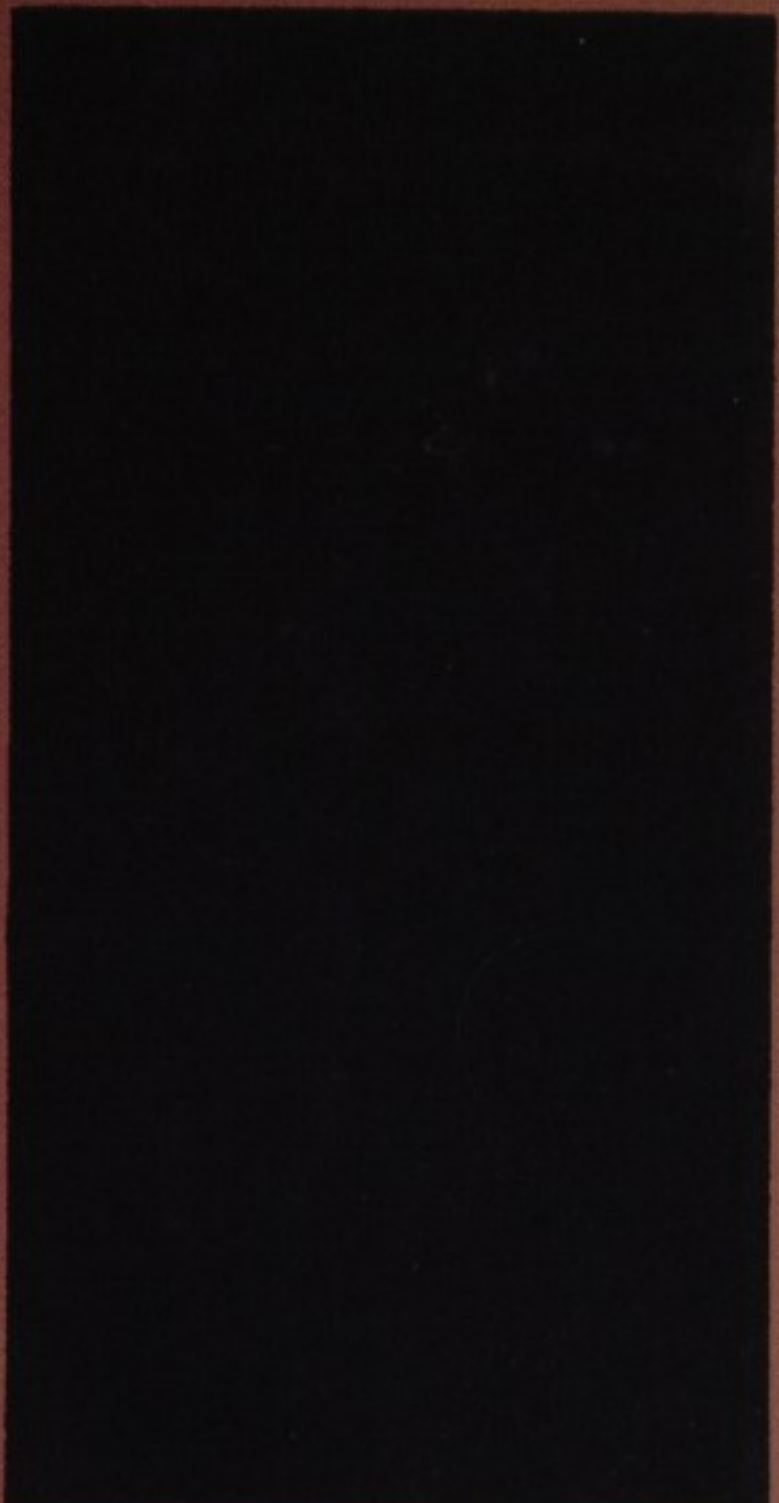
IT'S
SHOWTIME,
BABY!

THUK

KA

FWAK

TUNK



AN UNCONSCIOUS LEON IS
CARRIED ON LEATHERN WINGS
TOWARD HIS DARK FATE.

WHERE...
WHERE
AM I?

THIS MUST BE
THEIR BASE. I'LL
ONLY HAVE ONE
SHOT AT THIS, SO I
BETTER MAKE IT
COUNT.



SWIK



IF MY TIMING
ISN'T PERFECT,
THEY'LL BE
SCRAPING ME OFF
THE ROCKS.



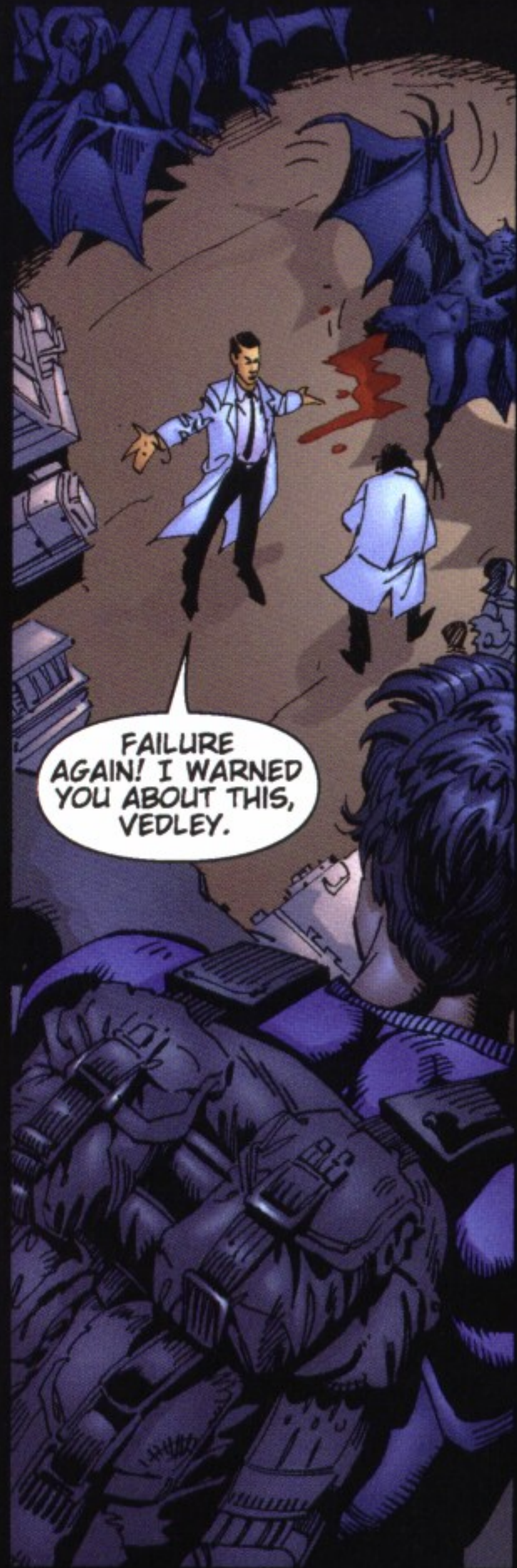
KA-

TUNK

SKREEEE



UGGH...





HOURS LATER, AS
LEON SITS PLANNING,
THE BATS RETURN
WITH THEIR HAPLESS
VICTIMS.

DAMN! A
SQUADRON OF BATS
SPREADING THE G-
VIRUS WILL BE NEXT TO
IMPOSSIBLE TO STOP.
I'VE GOT TO END
THIS NOW.

THIS
SHOULD
BE ALL I
NEED.

EVERYTHING RIDES
ON THIS TINY POCKET
GENERATOR.

AS NIGHT FALLS AGAIN OVER THE SAGUARO DESERT, THE BATS STREAM FORTH.

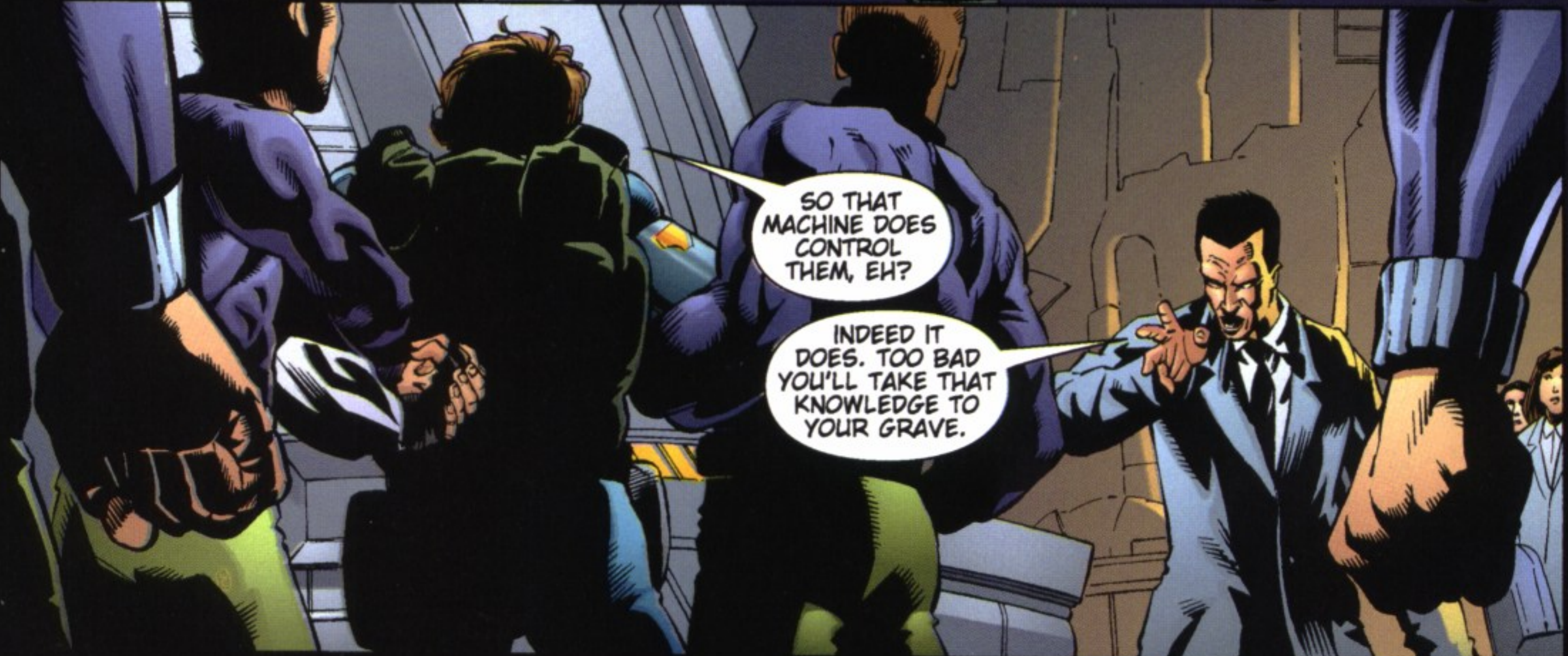
BUT THIS TIME, THEY HAVE BEEN DISPATCHED TO GIVE DR. CALLOS AND HIS TEAM SOME PEACE WHILE THEY COMMENCE THE SENSITIVE TRANSMUTATION PROCESS.

MINUTES LATER, LEON PUTS HIS PLAN INTO ACTION.

OK, LEADER ONE, I'M GOING IN. GIVE ME HALF AN HOUR, THEN RELEASE THE BIRDS.

LET'S ROCK!!







WHAP!

STOP HIM!



YOU SIMPLETON!
YOU HIT THE
"RETURN TO BASE"
BUTTON!



THROW HIM OUT
ONTO THE FLOOR. I
WANT TO WATCH THE
BATS RIP HIM
APART.



WHO ARE
YOU?

LEON KEN--

SKREEEE



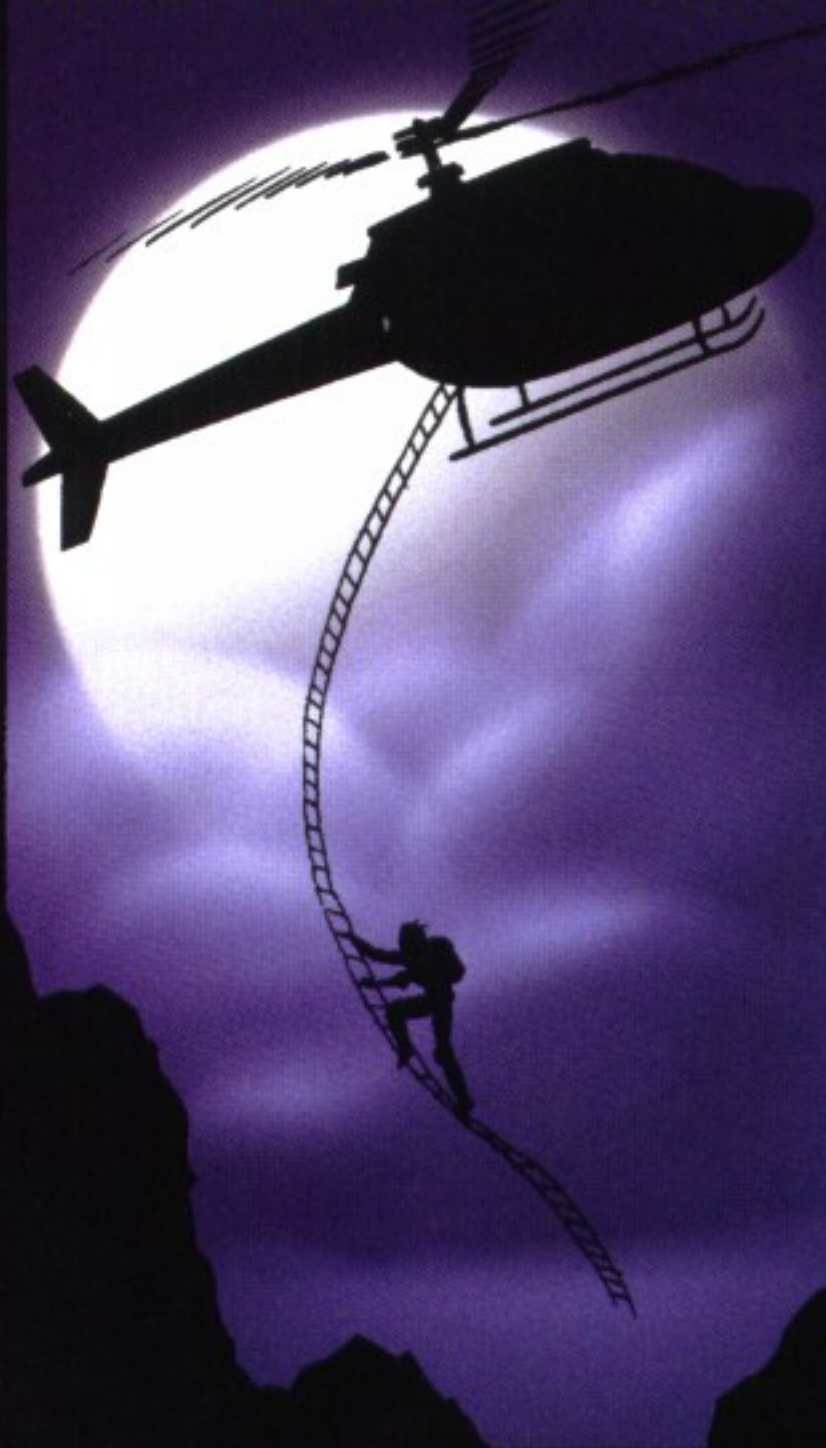
NO MATTER,
THE BATS ARE
RETURNING.
WHOEVER YOU ARE,
YOU'RE A DEAD
MAN NOW.

SKREEEE





THUP THUP THUP THUP



RIGHT
ON TIME,
GUYS!



AND THERE
GOES THE AIR
STRIKE. THAT
MOUNTAIN WILL BE
NOTHING BUT
RUBBLE INSIDE OF
FIVE MINUTES.



CHALK
ANOTHER ONE
UP FOR THE
GOOD GUYS!

WAY
TO GO,
LEON.



COME IN, KENNEDY.
PROCEED IMMEDIATELY TO
SECTOR 36-A. WE'VE GOT
REPORTS OF MASSIVE G-
VIRUS MUTATIONS ALL
OVER THE AREA.



SO AFTER ONLY THE BRIEFEST
RESPITE, UMBRELLA'S MOST
DEDICATED Foe HEADS FOR
HIS NEXT RENDEZVOUS WITH
DANGER. REST WILL COME
ONLY WITH ULTIMATE VICTORY.

JIM LEE AND WILDSTORM PRODUCTIONS PRESENT
A RESIDENT EVIL STORY

SPECIAL DELIVERY

MARC MOSTMAN
STORY

RYAN ODAGAWA
PENCILS

JOHN TIGHE
INKS

ROB ROBBINS
LETTERS

WILDSTORM FX COLORS

SO, WHAT? WE
FLY IN LOW, DEAD
OF NIGHT, AND DROP
THESE CRATES ON THE
BACKYARD PORCHES
OF UMBRELLA'S
ENEMIES?

LISTEN, WE GET
PAID TO DELIVER
THESE PAYLOADS, NOT
TO ASK QUESTIONS.
WE'RE JUST MAKING
SURE THERE'S NO
LOOSE ENDS.

YEAH, WE'RE
THE DELIVERY
BOYS OF
CERTAIN DOOM!
HAH HAH!

X MARKS
THE SPOT!

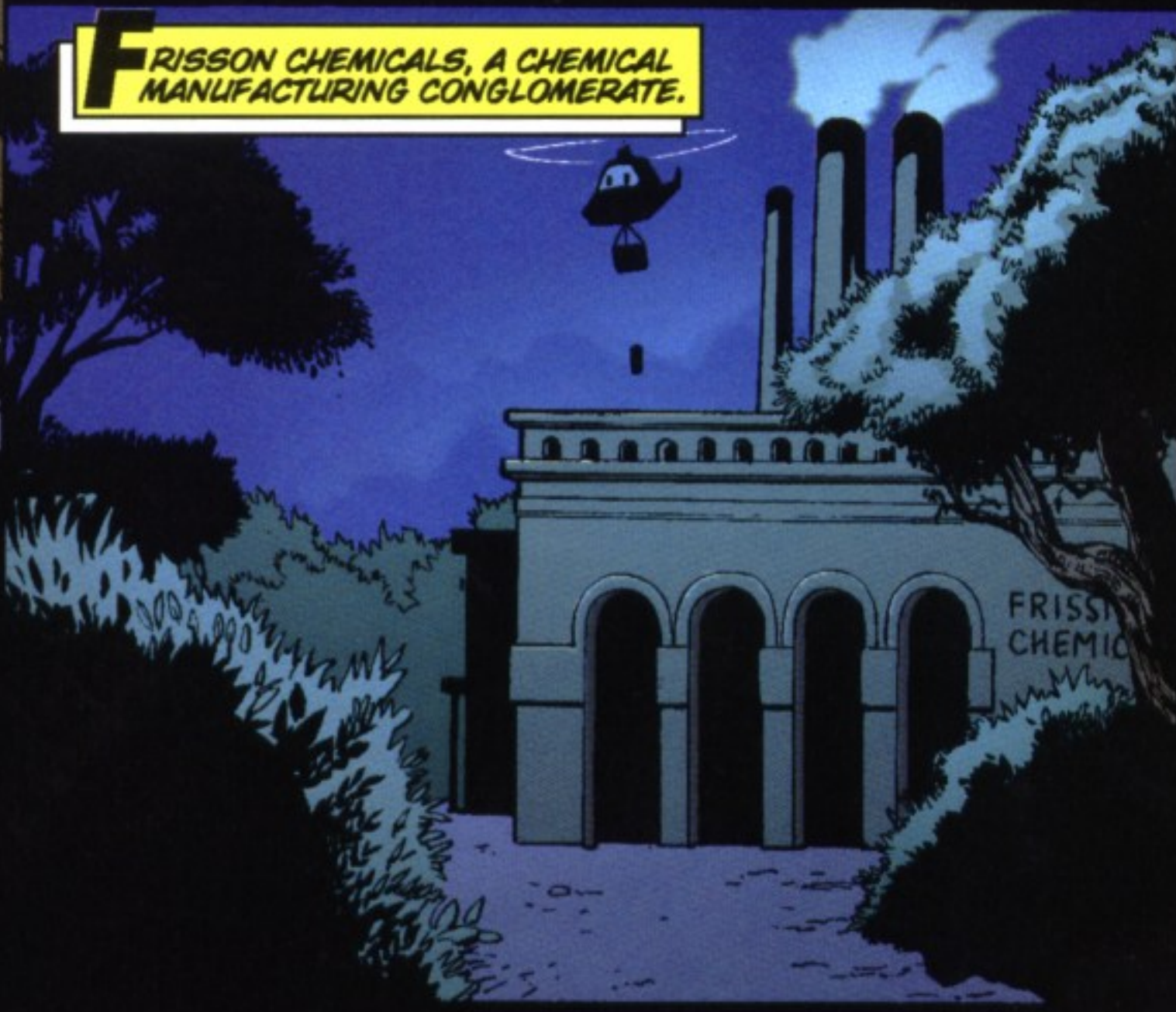
PACKAGE: Mr. X
DELIVER TO: R.P.D.
COORDINATES:
10:30.5

CARGO IS
HOT...





FRISSON CHEMICALS, A CHEMICAL MANUFACTURING CONGLOMERATE.



the
ow
ove
ock
in
d I

The Board of Directors of Frisson Chemicals, a growing rival of Umbrella Corp., fell victim to an apparent "labor dispute" that turned ugly.



mine has been
considered
abandoned, city
officials have decided
not to investigate
further.

Serald
A Cave-in at the Villalobos Mine

Rumor has it that
the mine was in
fact a hidden
laboratory that
was synthesizing
possible antidotes
to experimental
viruses. Since the



SAYS HERE, "DE-ACTIVATE CANISTER 004 AND RETURN TO HQ VIA RIVER-FRONT ENTRANCE."

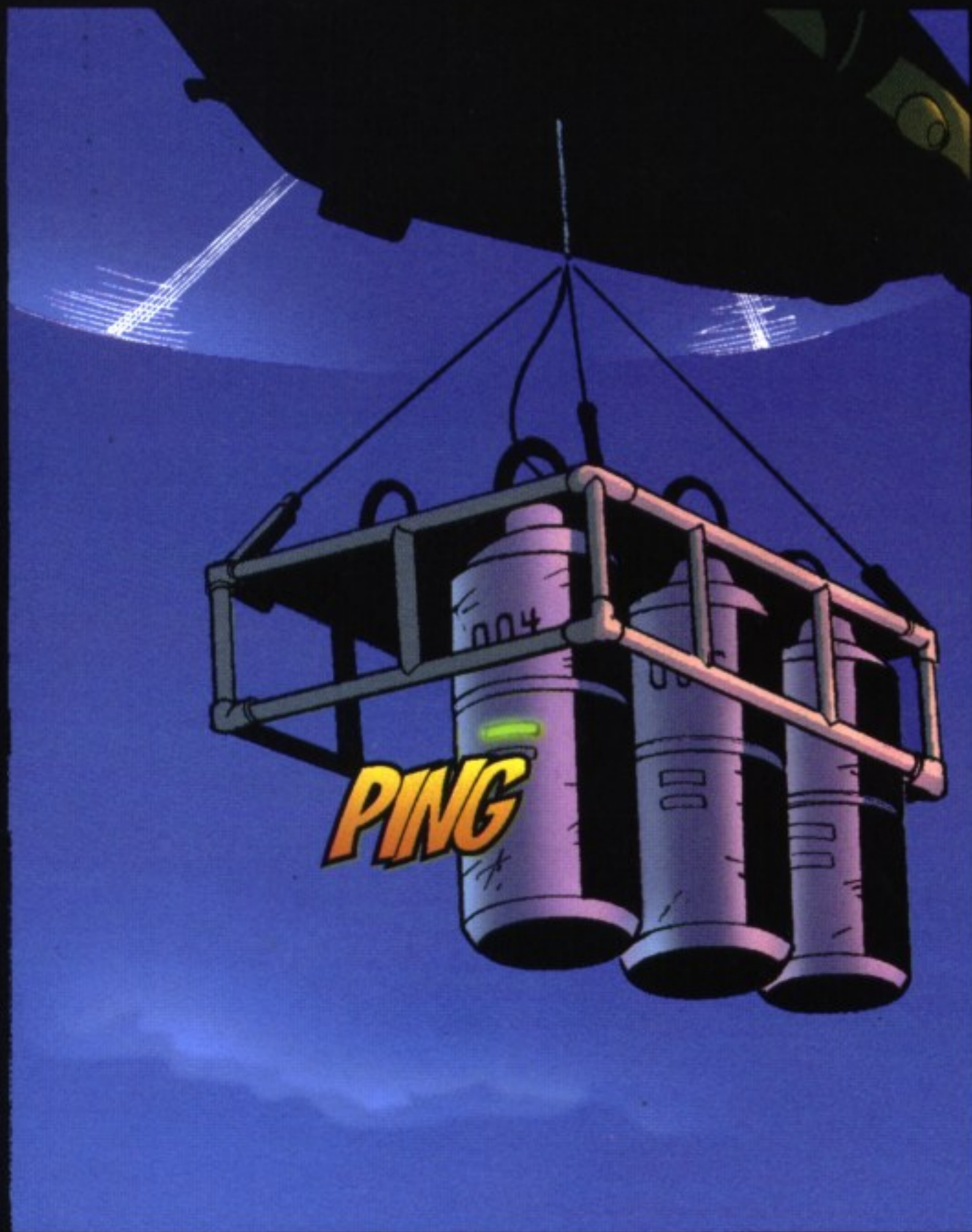


OH WELL, LOOKS LIKE WE'RE OFF EARLY TONIGHT.

GOOD. I HEAR SAM JACKSON'S ON CONAN TONIGHT!



TIME TO COOL DOWN OUR CARGO. DEACTIVATING 004...NOW!



[illegible][illegible][illegible]



WHAT... IS IT TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING?

->GLLLICK<- CAN'T... HOLD...IT...



NOOOO...
LOOOOOSE...
ENDS...

Zombie

Zombies are the most common monsters, and the easiest ones to kill. You can use almost any weapon to dispose of them. They usually are found in packs. Once a human is exposed to the T-virus, he or she slowly decomposes and becomes ravenous for human flesh. Because of the bodily decay, zombies move quite slowly.

However, if you become trapped, they can kill you easily.



Art by Carlos D'Anda

Jill Valentine

Age: 23

Blood Type: B

Height: 5'5"

Weight: 111 lbs.

Jill is an extremely capable soldier who has saved the lives of her teammates on numerous occasions. She is proficient with various mechanical devices, has a natural affinity for electronic equipment, and has a rudimentary knowledge of chemistry. These technical skills are balanced out by musical talent. Jill's strong moral convictions take precedence over ambition, as she fights only for what she believes in.



Art by Carlos D'Anda

CHRIS, I
KILLED THE
PILOT.

WHO'S
FLYING THE
PLANE?

CONTINUED FROM "DEAD
AIR," RESIDENT EVIL #3.

JIM LEE AND WILDSTORM PRODUCTIONS PRESENT
A RESIDENT EVIL STORY
ZOMBIES ABROAD

TED ADAMS
STORY

NORMAN FELCHLE
ART

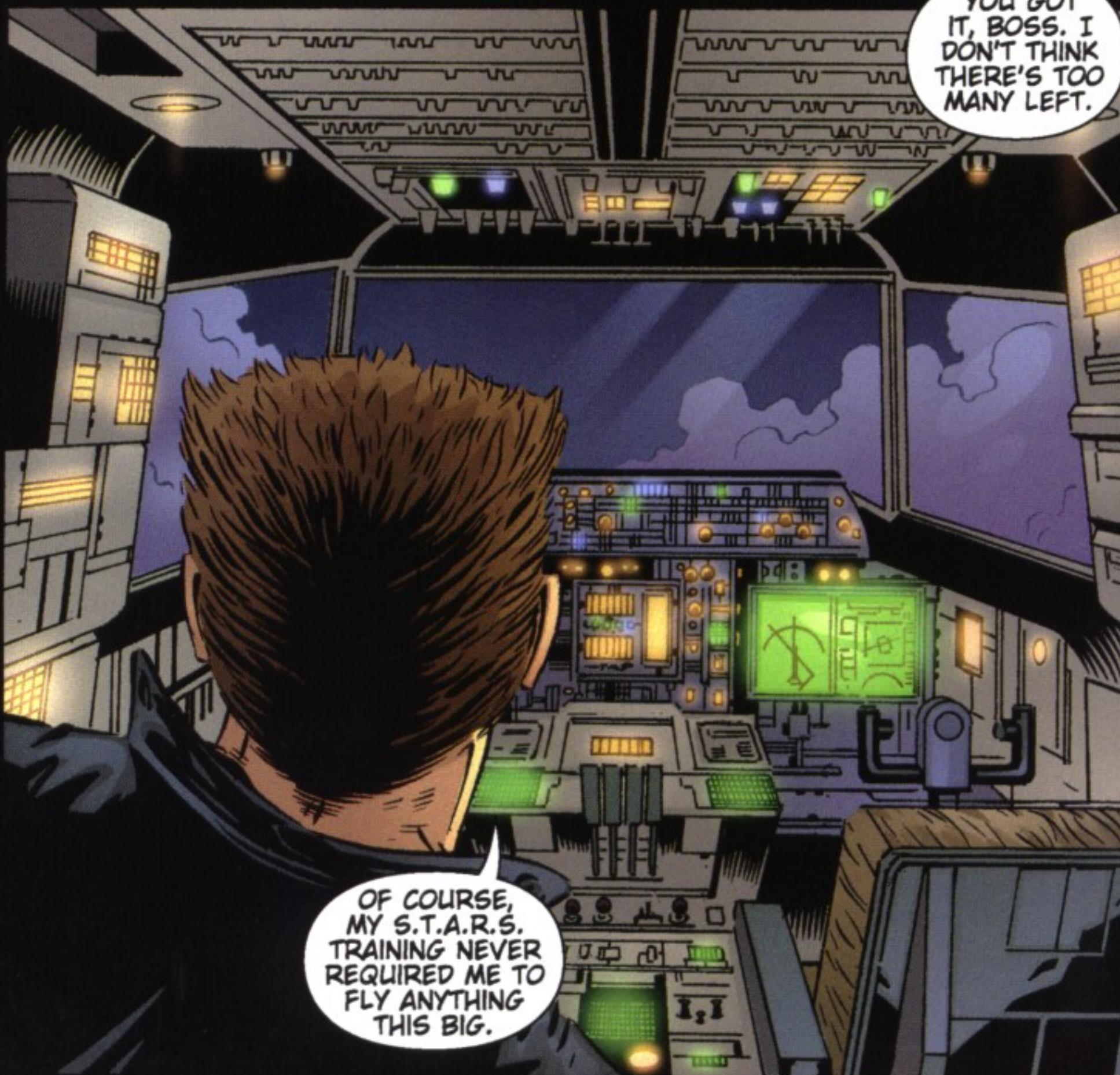
WILDSTORM FX
COLORS

ROB ROBBINS
LETTERS



BARRY, YOU AND
JILL KILL THE REST
OF THE ZOMBIES. I'LL
SEE WHAT I CAN DO
ABOUT LANDING
THIS THING.

YOU GOT
IT, BOSS. I
DON'T THINK
THERE'S TOO
MANY LEFT.



OF COURSE,
MY S.T.A.R.S.
TRAINING NEVER
REQUIRED ME TO
FLY ANYTHING
THIS BIG.



HMMMM.
I WONDER
WHAT THAT
ONE DOES?



OOPS.



SORRY ABOUT THAT.



THIS ISN'T SO HARD.



WATCH IT, CHRIS!

CHO



THANKS!



WE KILLED ALL THE ZOMBIES.

JILL'S GETTING THE REST OF THE PASSENGERS CALMED DOWN.



HOW'S IT GOING IN HERE?

WE'RE ALMOST TO HEATHROW. THE TOWER JUST GAVE ME PERMISSION TO LAND AND CALLED IN THE EMERGENCY CREWS.

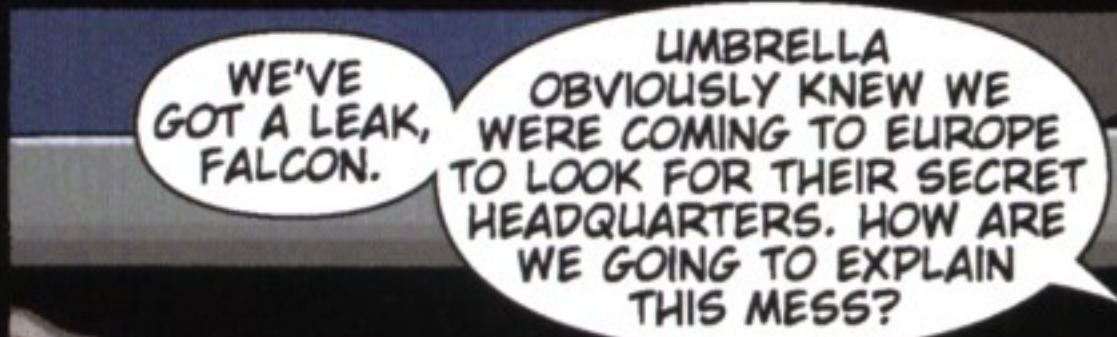
CROSS YOUR FINGERS. I THINK THIS IS GONNA GET BUMPY.



OH SH--!



SKREEEEEECCCCCH!!



WE'VE GOT A LEAK, FALCON.

UMBRELLA OBVIOUSLY KNEW WE WERE COMING TO EUROPE TO LOOK FOR THEIR SECRET HEADQUARTERS. HOW ARE WE GOING TO EXPLAIN THIS MESS?



I'VE ALREADY TALKED TO THE AUTHORITIES, AND THEY'RE GONNA TAKE CARE OF IT. YOUR PRIORITY IS FINDING OUT WHAT UMBRELLA IS DOING.

THE ONLY THING WE KNOW IS THAT THEIR HEADQUARTERS IS SUPPOSED TO BE IN ONE OF EUROPE'S MONUMENTS. YOU CAN START YOUR SEARCH HERE IN ENGLAND.

OWER OF LONDON,
ENGLAND.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY,
LONDON, ENGLAND.



MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX MUSEUM, "THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS, JACK THE RIPPER EXHIBITION," LONDON, ENGLAND.

SLICE

BLAM!

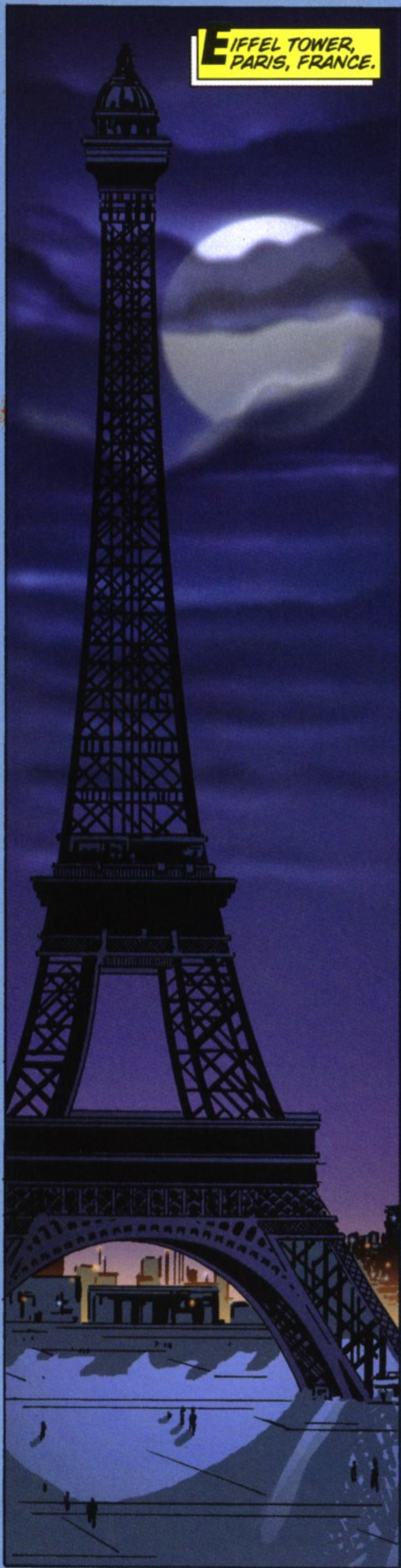
BLAM!

GEEZ! THIS PLACE IS SPOOKY ENOUGH WITHOUT ZOMBIES!

MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX MUSEUM, "GRAND HALL," LONDON, ENGLAND.

DAMN IT, CHRIS! EVERYWHERE WE GO, UMBRELLA IS ONE STEP AHEAD OF US.

EIFFEL TOWER,
PARIS, FRANCE.



THE LOUVRE MUSEUM,
PARIS, FRANCE.

WATCH
THE VENUS!

BLAM! BLAM!

BLAM!

P-TING!

I DON'T THINK
WE'RE GONNA BE
INVITED BACK.



DE GOOYER WINDMILL,
AMSTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS.

I GUESS WE
CAN RULE OUT
ENGLAND, FRANCE,
AND THE
NETHERLANDS.

BLAM!

AIIEEEEEEE!

THUD!

PLENTY OF
DEAD ZOMBIES,
BUT NO
HEADQUARTERS.

OKTOBERFEST CELEBRATION,
MUNICH, GERMANY.



WELL AT
LEAST WE'RE
RUNNING OUT OF
COUNTRIES.

YEAH, I'LL
BE GLAD TO
GET OFF THIS
TOUR.

QUECK CASTLE,
FUSSEN, GERMANY.

THIS IS IT!
ONLY MONUMENT
LEFT.

THIS PLACE IS
HUGE! LET'S SPLIT
UP SO WE CAN COVER
MORE GROUND.

I'LL TAKE
THE STAIRS.

JILL, YOU
TRY THAT DOOR
ON THE RIGHT.

BARRY,
CHECK OUT THE
ROOM IN FRONT
OF US.



CREEPY PLACE.
HARD TO BELIEVE
WHAT PEOPLE WILL
DO TO EACH
OTHER.

WHAT'S
THAT?



HMMMM.
LOOKS LIKE AN
OLD PHOTO.



TWINS.
WONDER WHO
THEY ARE?



me and abe,
28th Birthday.
Happy times!

MEANWHILE...

YOU COULD
FEED AN ARMY
IN HERE.

THE HELMET
ON THIS SUIT OF
ARMOR DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE IT
FITS.

WHY WOULD
SOMEONE SWITCH
THESE AROUND?

CLICK!

WHERE'D THAT
LIGHT COME
FROM?

WAIT A
MINUTE. WHAT'S
THAT SAY?

KANE
I
VIRUS

MEANWHILE...



WOW!
THAT'S A BIG
ORGAN!



MOM WOULD
BE SO PROUD, I
CAN STILL READ
MUSIC.



HHMMM. SOUNDS
LIKE THE DEATH
FUGUE.



HUH? A
DRAWER?



LOOKS LIKE
IT WAS TORN OUT
OF A DIARY.

November 3
I don't know what to do.
Kane injected himself and is exhibiting
some strange symptoms.

November 15
Kane is worse than ever. I fear that
he may be dying.

November 21
Kane has disappeared.
This will be my last entry.
I must focus on finding an antidote.



WHAT...

...THE...

...HELL?!

TO BE CONTINUED...